

Madison  
January 3, 1959

Dear Beets:

I'd thought Charley Rick's mistake and what followed was all in fun, and am sorry to know that he's on to it, for I'm sore he's far more embarrassed for concerned about it than anyone else. More seriously the whole idea of 'unique choice' behind the Nobel awards is so preposterous that I don't see any other approach to it than to accept it as the same kind of "fortunate circumstances" that we have to hope for now and then in the laboratory. The one aspect of it that does make me think more seriously about it is that they do come up with nominees like Ed and yourself. If I had any 'Nobel prize' to give out at my own disposal, you know just where it would go. I don't, and will have to offer esteem, and friendship, instead.

I must say I was a little annoyed at Berry's having sent that text, certainly not for the sentiment, but I didn't feel it was quite in proper form. But it isn't anything to get stuffy about.

I know we are going to agree that we can lose most of the fun of the occasion if we get too analytical about it, and after one more word I propose to stop spouting. I do want to say that, even all things considered, I was absolutely flabbergasted to get news of the award, that I felt something of an interloper in the timing of it, but that if this were the event through no act of my own, I should take special delight in the circumstances and associations of it.

It was special fun to meet Muriel, and I hope we'll all have more than a few perfunctory occasions to get together after we're all settled again back in California.       HAPPY 1959.

Yours sincerely,